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AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY of *NEREUS*.

From HORACE *Book* I. *Ode* XV.

The THIRD EDITION.

Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. non ſecus in jugis
Exſomnis ſtupet Evias
Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Luſtratam Rhodopen.——— Hor.

LONDON,
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METAMI

OF THE

PROPHECY OF NAHUM.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON

AN

IMITATION

OF THE

PROPHECY of *NEREUS.*

From HORACE *Book* 1. *Ode* XV.

AS *Mar* his Round one Morning took,
(Whom ſome call Earl, and ſome call Duke)
And his new Brethren of the Blade,
Shiv'ring with Fear and Froſt, ſurvey'd,
On *Perth*'s bleak Hills he chanc'd to ſpy
An Aged Wizard ſix Foot high,
With briſtled Hair, and Viſage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd and Second-ſighted.

The grizly Sage in Thought profound
Beheld the Chief with Back ſo Round,
Then roll'd his Eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal Hills of Snow,
And into theſe tremendous Speeches
Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.

Into what Ills betray'd, by Thee,
This Auncient Kingdom do I ſee!
Her Realms un-peopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud *Engliſh* Loons (our Clans o'ercome)
On *Scottiſh* Pads ſhall amble home;
I ſee them dreſt in Bonnets blue,
(The Spoils of thy rebellious Crew)
I ſee the Target, caſt away,
And chequer'd Plad become their Prey,
The chequer'd Plad to make a Gown
For many a Laſs in *London* Town.

In vain thy hungry Mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike Geers,

The Shield, the Piſtol, Durk, and Dagger;
In which they daily wont to ſwagger,
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The Hen-roofts of ſome peaceful Village,
Or, while their Neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a Low-land Sheep.

What boots thy high-born Hoſt of Beggars,
Mac-leans, *Mac-kenzies*, and *Mac-gregors*,
With Popiſh Cut-throats, perjur'd Ruffians,
And *Forſter*'s Troop of Raggamuffins?

In vain thy Lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with Bag-pipe and with Brandy.
Doth not bold *Sutherland* the truſty,
With Heart ſo true, and Voice ſo ruſty,
(A loyal Soul) thy Troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the Fight?
Do'ſt thou not gen'rous *Ilay* dread,
The braveſt Hand, the wiſeſt Head?
Undaunted do'ſt thou hear th' Alarms
Of hoary *Athole* ſheath'd in Arms?

Douglas, who draws his Lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high Renown,
Fiery, and young, and un-control'd,
With Knights, and Squires, and Barons bold,
(His noble Houſhold-Band) advances,
And on his Milk-white Courſer prances.
Thee *Forfar* to the Combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in *Iberian* Wars:
And *Monroe* kindled into Rage
Sow'rly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy Foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And Horſe to boot----if thou had'ſt any.

But ſee *Argyle*, with watchful Eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep Intrenchment lies!
Couch'd like a Lion in thy way,
He waits to ſpring upon his Prey;
While like a Herd of tim'rous Deer
Thy Army ſhakes and pants with Fear,
Led, by their doughty Gen'ral's Skill,
From Frith to Frith, from Hill to Hill.

Is thus thy haughty Promiſe pay'd
That to the *Chevalier* was made,
When thou didſt Oaths and Duty barter,
For Dukedom, Gen'ralſhip, and Garter?
Three Moons thy *Jemmy* ſhall command,
With Highland Scepter in his Hand,
Too good for his Pretended Birth.
----Then down ſhall fall the King of *Perth*.

'Tis ſo decreed: for *GEORGE* ſhall Reign,
And Traitours be forſworn in vain.
Heav'n ſhall for ever on him ſmile,
And bleſs him ſtill with an *Argyle*.
While Thou, purſu'd by vengeful Foes,
Condemn'd to barren Rocks and Snows,
And hinder'd paſſing *Inverlocky*,
Shalt burn thy Clan, and curſe poor *Jocke*.

FINIS.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE XV.

NEREI VATICINIUM.

PASTOR cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam!
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu: quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas, & ægida,
Currûsque, & rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectes cæsariem: gratáque fœminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides:
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Hastas, & calami spicula Cnossii
Vitabis, strepitúmque, & celerem sequi
Ajacem. tamen, heu, serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Lærtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis:
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens
Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre:
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronísque Phrygum classis Achillei:
Post certas hyemes uret Achaïcus
Ignis Iliacas domos.